

HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.
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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1853.
O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

In the following, from the Canton Reporter, we have taken the liberty of italicizing one or two words, and adding a few more in brackets:

The location of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad by the company, seems to have given much dissatisfaction to a number who have labored hard and subsisted liberally (!) to the enterprise, and who were certainly led to believe that under no circumstances could the road miss them. There is but one other town, besides Palmyra, (Chillicothe) through which the road will pass, and it appears that the company could not well avoid it. Its good luck, therefore, was the result of necessity. Shelbyville, a town whose people have worked incessantly for the road, is left some eight miles north; and Bloomington, in Macon county, another point that stood up well, and sacrificed much, is also left, some four or five miles north of the location—just far enough out of the way to kill the town, and build up one on the line.

Palmyra is already "spotted," and will be repudiated at the earliest "practicable period." Her life tenure in said road is held by a very brittle thread, [four shares] which will be severed ere long. She is now praying the Gods [in Quincy we suppose] to send her other help, in the shape of a road to Quincy.

Our friend of the Bloomington Republican is "fired with indignation," pours out his wrath upon the Directors through two columns of his paper. He attributes the result of the location to the selfishness of the company, and a reckless attempt on their part to speculate and grow rich upon the liberality of the State and General Governments. He states that the company have not stock sufficient to build ten miles of the road; yet they determine how and where the whole two hundred miles shall be built.

We pity the distress of the editor of the Canton Reporter. He is so sorry because the people who trade at Hannibal and won't trade at Canton, have been disappointed about the Railroad!

We can imagine his grave, melancholy look, when he is engaged in his pious work of putting fleas in the people's ears; or, what is the same thing, trying to operate on them by a sort of mesmerism that will make the public believe that it has a "flea in its ear;" or, otherwise, induce them to come to Canton, and give the latter place a chance at the bone which some hope Hannibal has dropped and Quincy grabbed. We really admire the graceful way in which the Reporter wags its tail as it looks beseechingly towards the coveted bone!

The ignorance of the editor of the Bloomington Republican does not lessen the certainty of the fact that at this moment there is not a railroad running anywhere in the broad Union, that was commenced under more favorable auspices than will be the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road.

APPOINTMENTS.

The St. Louis Intelligencer has received information that J. Loughborough has been appointed Surveyor General; A. H. Buckner Post Master at St. Louis; and our townsman, Col. R. F. Richmond, U. S. District Attorney. The Intelligencer does not vouch for the correctness of the information, but does not doubt its reliability.

A Wild man named Goings, originally from East Tennessee, who has been living in the hollows of trees and caves, and who has frequently been mentioned in the newspapers, was recently captured near Florence, Ala. He is from twenty-five to thirty years of age. He had been surprised several times by parties, and tales of romantic encounters with him were deemed fabulous, heretofore. Last December an attempt was made to capture him, but he eluded his pursuers, and forsook his then quarters in the hollow of a chestnut tree. A pack of hounds afterwards got on his trail, but owing to the rugged character of the country, the horse-meat could not keep up, and the fugitive was lost in the waters of Shoal creek. All further pursuit was then abandoned, and many believed the whole story fabulous, until last Sunday a boy, belonging to A. P. Neely, reported to his master that he had seen a man upon the bluffs, near a noted cave, on the plantation of Judge Posy. Mr. Neely immediately sent a number of gentlemen, and proceeded to the spot indicated. The day was one of the most beautiful of the season.

On nearing the mouth of the cave, they discovered the shivering form of the man crouched beneath a covering of straw, and attracted attention to their approach. He was a man of the company (thoughtlessly) and in a dog, which, making a furious growl, and in a state of almost perfect insanity, presenting a picture of almost unbounded wretchedness, which utterly beggars all description, and we shall not attempt to describe it perfectly sane, but gave us a most singular account for his singular conduct. He charged that the world had treated him as he had determined to come out from and protested that he had done no harm, and he be allowed to continue his solitary life. He finally agreed to go home with Mr. Posy, which he did, and, when last heard of, was suffering from a severe cold, contracted, doubt, by his sudden change from a cave, to civilized life.

It runs at the head of this column.

Liquor-Law Reform.

From the St. Joseph Temperance Journal.
Listen to one in Prison.

We commend the following communication to our readers; it is from one in prison in this county. It is well worth perusal, and we hope that he will often furnish us with such articles.

MR. EDITOR:—I do most heartily rejoice at the noble efforts that are being made to restrain the unhallowed influence of doggeries in our otherwise charming city. And I sincerely hope that the good work, which has so prosperously commenced, will not be suffered to stop with a simple restriction of the evil, but that the philanthropists who have so generously espoused the cause, may go on from "conquering to conquest," until doggeries shall be numbered among things that were.

Many persons entertain the delusive idea that the licensing of dram shops is the source of a great deal of revenue to the city. To a great many persons this assertion carries considerable weight. But if those persons will be candid enough to examine the police reports, they will find that more than three-fourths of the crimes and offences committed in our midst have had their origin in the use of ardent spirits. And it costs the city more to maintain the police, arrest and prosecute offenders, and to keep and furnish prisoners, than all their much talked of enormous high licenses will possibly amount to. But laying this all aside, the dollars and cents sink into utter insignificance, when the enormity of the traffic is carefully examined in a moral point of view. Who can set a price upon the wounded feelings and ruined hopes of a fond and affectionate wife, whose brightest anticipations have been blotted out by the fell destroyer alcohol? Who can set a price upon the anguish and heart broken sighs which are daily wrung from the drunkard's children, through the ignominy and shame they are forced to suffer, by his indulgence in intoxicating liquor? Who can set a price upon the agony of a mother, who witnesses an intellectual son, whose morning star rose bright and luminous, degenerate himself below the level of the brute creation and thus at one fell blow, crush all the fond hopes of a doating mother, and bring down the gray hairs of a once proudly anticipating father to the grave, by his craving appetite for intoxicating drinks?

Who, I ask, can set a price upon this base desecration of the hearth stone, and the eternal peace and happiness of many, very many families, who once lived in the enjoyment of unbounded health and contentment? Rather let the solemn awe be eternal, than broken by the sound of the name of so abhorrent an individual.

To the friends of temperance, and to the friends of all mankind, I will say, that if you would avoid all this misery and vexation, you must be zealous and untiring in your efforts to totally annihilate this hydra-headed monster. Gird on your armor and fight manfully for the great cause which you have so nobly espoused, and generations yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed. When this glorious enterprise is fully accomplished, then can man walk the earth as though he were indeed the "Lord of Creation," instead of groveling in the gutters and wallowing with brutes. Then will the shrieks and groans of the much abused wife no more be heard, nor will the children cry for bread.

If you deem the above worthy a place in your temperance column, you are at perfect liberty to make such use of it. If not, commit it to the flames, and let it be forgotten. Yours, &c.

Jesse

THE CONVENTION.—Of the late State Convention, held at Augusta, the Fountain, says: "Notwithstanding the very bad travelling it was very largely attended. Winthrop Hall was packed to overflowing, and many went to the large company who started from Rock-land, were unable to get through and the same is true of delegations from other places. Signs of diminished confidence in the law were exhibited; on the contrary, a determination was evinced to have it made stringent and effective. Amendments were proposed, which we have no doubt will be carried through the Legislature at the present session. The idea that there is a reaction in public sentiment concerning the Maine Law was forcibly rebutted; Progress was the watchword, and a few months will show that this is not idle talk; our way is onward and upward; grog shops are doomed—doubly doomed, for we have 'the will,' and the Legislature will soon give us 'the way' of dealing with them more effectually than we have hitherto done. We are prepared to silence all clamor about unconstitutionality, and at the same time to present a more perfect rum-annihilator for the consideration of the Temperance world and the terror of rum-sellers, than that which has already excited the admiration of all good men, and met and conquered the machinations of the bad.

The Postmaster General invites proposals for carrying the mails for one year from the 1st of July next, on the routes established by a recent act of Congress—bids to be received at the contract office in Washington until the 4th of April. We notice the following among the routes, for which bids are invited:—Paris Mercury.

From Paris, by Shelbyville, to Newark, 44 miles and back, once a week.
From Brunswick to Bloomington, 54 miles and back, once a week.
From Huston, by Philadelphia, to Shelbyville, 60 miles and back, once a week.
From Bloomington, via Vienna, to Edina, 44 miles and back, once a week.
From Milan by Lewis' mill and Judge Johnson's store, to Princeton, 34 miles and back once a week.
From Hartford to Milan, 30 miles and back once a week.
From Shelbyville to Kirkville, 50 miles and back, once a week.

GOOD IDEAS.

We extract the following from a communication by "Agricola" in the last Palmyra Whig:

Hannibal is a town of which our county should justly be proud—something is due from us to it, as well as vice versa—it is the abode of friends and relations; it is a part of the body politic, and concerned in upholding the laws and institutions of the same State that we are.—And it would be alike unkind of the claims of personal friendship and patriotism in us to direct the improvements of Missouri to the cities of any other State, so long as our overgrown rival manifests a becoming spirit towards us.

The main object of this article, Mr. Editor, I shall barely have space to mention. The location of the Railroad upon the Southern route, leaves an extensive and fertile country north-west of us, without any thoroughfares calculated to facilitate commerce, and develop the resources of that country, and at the same time I know of no more eligible location for a Plank Road. If a way of this description was built from Palmyra to New Ark, in Knox county, via Houston, in Marion, I have no hesitation in believing that it would prove a source of immense advantage to all concerned. The topography of the country, the abundance of material along the route for constructing the Road, and especially the agricultural capabilities of the district through which it would pass, all warrant the feasibility of such an enterprise. The necessity of such a work also is strongly felt in the present state of transportation and travel over that way. What say our friends up about Houston and New Ark?

We have headed the above "good ideas," but they may not be so good after all, if Quincy should take it into her head to run out the Quincy and Fabius road so as to tap the one above described.

Wit and Humor.

A FAIR RETORT.—A party of wits once supped at a tavern. When the feast was over one of the number called in the hostess.

"Angelique," said he, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of that great platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Know, then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again, on the same day and at the same hour.—Will you give us credit till then?"

The hostess, however, had her reply.
"I am perfectly willing," she retorted: "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

ETHIOPIAN PHILOSOPHY.—"Mr. Crow, can you explain to de subscriber why dat 'licious wegitable called de nutmeg neber comes to maturity?"

"Neber comes to maturity?"

"Yes; why dey am always small potatoes?"

"Why dey always small 'aters?"

"Yes, Mr. Crow. Why dey neber get to be some punkins?"

"Why dey neber?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Crow. 'Why don't de nutmegs, as a class, grow large instead of always growin' small?"

"No, Julius Caesar, I don't know nuffin about it. You must ax some gardener man about wegitables."

"Well, Mr. Crow, I kin tell you why nutmegs, as a class, don't grow larger. It's because every individual nutmeg knows dat de largest nutmeg in de world am liable to come across a grater!"

ALL THE BERRIES.—A celebrated comedian arranged with his green-grocer—one Berry—to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due.

The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said:

"I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've

sent in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry; your father, the green-grocer, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not hok black, Berry—for I don't owe a straw, Berry—and shan't pay you no Christmas, Berry."

Good-Hearted Story.

MAY ANDERSON'S MARRIAGE.
OR, THE LEGEND OF ELMFORD.
(Continued.)

It was on the seventh evening after Mr. Anderson had been consigned to a bloody tomb, that two strangers arrived at Ashford. Their routes, their errands, their appearance were particularly dissimilar. One came from the south, and his visit was to the land. The other arrived by the northern road, and his business was with the lady. The southern stranger was but a lad, extremely handsome, and showy in his dress and appointments. The northern visitor on the contrary, was a grey-headed man, soberly attired, and apparently a member of some learned profession. Both, on their arrival, were conducted to the apartments of those whom they inquired for. When the gravel visitor was introduced to the lady's closet—an apartment thus designated at the time, but which is now more fashionably called a boudoir—right gladly was he received, for the mourner flung herself upon his neck and wept upon his bosom.

"Friend of my dear father! and sobs interrupted the words of welcome that hung upon her lips.

"Not friend of thy father now, May! but, thy father"—said the old man, as he foiled her in his arms. "I would have been with thee sooner, but this desperate transaction for days unmanned me; and then I thought it better not to intrude too hastily upon thy grief. In sooth, another week should most likely passed, before I made this mournful visit; but accounts reached me of certain unwarranted acts upon thy husband's part, which as thy sole and absolute guardian, it is my bounden duty to restrain."

"I know not aught of what of late has passed, or even of what may now be passing. My thoughts are yonder," and she pointed to the vault before the window.

"I can well fancy your indifference, my child, to worldly matters," said the old man; "but rumor flies—and I hear that the unhappy man you wedded, assumes rights, and wastes property, idly supposing that in right of his marriage with you, he has some power over your late father's property; and I have come hither specially to undeceive him. The morning of that sad evening, when your lamented father met his death—I look back upon it yet as but a dream—I witnessed the final disposition of his property.—Al! May, is left absolutely in your own power—and Musgrave's marital influence is utterly extinguished. There is a copy of the deed—the last document that your murdered parent ever hid a pen to."

"Would he had never left home upon the fatal errand. But thy will be done!" and the mourner meekly raised her eyes to heaven.

"May," said Mr. Cameron, as the guardian of the orphaned girl was called, "I must away tomorrow by times, to speed some business of mine own in Northumberland—and it would be prudent before I go, to warn thy prodigal and profligate lord that he has no more power than the meanest hind upon thy property, and that for the food he eats and the clothing he may require, he must be indebted to thy charity.—Hark! to that noisy burst of drunken revelry, and in the house that death has visited so awfully! 'This is incredible in a Christian land, and it must be repressed. Send Janet to that monster in the shape of man, and say that one desires to speak with him on important business.' The little bell upon the table was sounded; and a female attendant answered its summons from the ante-room.

"Go, Janet, tell Mr. Musgrave that my guardian would speak with him instantly. It is matter that will not brook delay." The lady's tire woman bowed and left the room.

I mentioned that a south-country stranger had arrived—a young and handsome gentleman; and when he alighted in the court-yard, Musgrave and his red friend, the Highlander, were in deep convalesce over a stoup of Burgundy.

"The old earl had an indifferent good taste for wine," said Musgrave, as he sipped the liquor. "You say, Angus, that the job was troublesome?"

"Troublesome! Call it by the right name—desperate," returned MacDougal. "Think ye that it was still daylight—a crowded wynd—on every flat a family—and yet to strike him to the heart, and pass into the street unchallenged and unnoticed!"

"Here's to thee, my stout friend. D—n me, we'll make the world wag merrily, so long as we can muster the broad pieces and retain the broad lands. How now, wench, what brings ye here?"

[To be Continued.]

FINE LOT OF CLOTHING.

Marienthal & Block are now opening one of the largest, finest, most complete and varied assortments of clothing that has yet been seen in Hannibal.